

HOW GIRLS CAN BE PRETTY

It's No Trick at All When You Go About It Rightly.

THE JEWELS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Hard Life of the London Modiste—Henry Grady's Wife—Let the Trifles Go—Dressing the Hair.

You come back to town richer in flesh, more determined to success, but just wondering a little bit at the way the kisses of the sun and the browning that fashed from the waves have affected your skin, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

The trouble having been stated, the remedy must be found. First, your blood must be gotten into a good condition by using a tonic for it. This may be a little eau-de-cologne or some alcohol in the water in which you bathe your face, neck and arms; it will have an almost instantaneous effect and you will be conscious of a glowing, exhilarated condition.

Then at night use some fine cosmetic. There are many perfectly harmless ones that are more pleasant than vaseline or olive oil, though both of these are equally good.

Drink milk twice a day, and remember that it must be ordinary milk, not cream. It is said to be more whitening to the skin than anything applied on the outside, and surely it is at once pleasant and healthy.

Elder-flower water, lemon juice and rose water are all simple remedies for freckles, and will undoubtedly remove them if they are regularly used and allowed to dry on the skin. A famous beauty is said to keep her hands white by always using the half of a lemon in washing her hands, exactly as she would a piece of soap, and, although freckles come, still nothing is so good for the skin as sunshine; it makes the underskin flush, and a delicate pink and white is the result. A little care about a broad-brimmed hat, and a good-sized sun-umbrella will give you all the good desired from sunshine and keep away its defects. Keep on the sunny side of the street in winter. You know that is the place selected by Englishmen, southern women and dogs, so the friends will look at the good skin of all three, and use the proverb to point a moral and adorn a tale.

Jewels of a Woman's Life.

There are so many jewels that may be worn day and night; so many gems that are always and only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day, says the Ladies' Home Journal. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow filling your eyes with brightness; there is that brilliant gem of Sympathy, the emerald, that makes you feel the right hand of help; and there is the beautiful one of loving Kindness, that makes the left-hand help the right. But, above all, overshadowing all, pinning down your heart to the ground, is the jewel of Kindness, which endures all, suffers all, hopes all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth? For, indeed, these jewels come from the heaven above.

The Poor Modiste.

We went with Lilla, says the London Truth, to have her new traveling dress tried on, a very nice composition in gray crepon and white tulle, with a sweet little coat to match, lined with tartan silk. The fit proving satisfactory, Lilla said she would take the gown home with her in her carriage, and asked for the price.

"Bad form, I know," she said to me when the proprietress of the establishment left the room to have the account made out, "but I always pay at once for a gown that really fits. It acts like a charm. Madge, for instance, has a gown that I've had a lot of trouble in fitting on I never pay under six months; in had cases a year."

"When the beautifully dressed modiste came back, she said, 'Do you wish to try now, madame?'"

"Yes," said Lilla, "because the gown fits so well. And remember, Mme. Dash, that I always pay at once in such cases."

"O," said madame, "I wish everybody were like you. I can't get any of my counts paid. Ladies don't realize what our position is with regard to ready money. We have to pay our work girls every week and monthly salaries to our fitters. I give my premises three years and pay for her board and lodging, and her wine. The firms from which we get our expensive materials and embroideries only give us a month's credit. The landlady expects her rent to be punctually paid. This means a constant flow outward of money and there is hardly any coming in."

"Tears stood in the poor woman's eyes, and she looked pale, haggard and worn out."

"But why don't you dun these women?" asked Lilla, in her sharp, abrupt way.

"I did, madame, they would never come to me again. They would be looking to pay." They do not like being asked to pay."

"She looked so miserable as she said this that I felt quite sorry for her, and asked if she was going out of town to have a nice rest after the fatiguing season."

"I can not, madame," she said, "unless some of my ladies pay me. I have never had so busy a season, and have never before made up such a number of expensive dresses. This is why I am so very hard up."

"And when will you get paid?" asked Lilla.

"Some will pay in six months, others in a year, but many of my customers never think of paying an account until it has been owing two years at least."

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Patchwork Glass.

A late fad is what you might call patchwork glass, says a New York writer. Through the edges of fragments of colored glass holes have been bored, and the pieces struck along together in a sort of window or doorway. Beads are frequently used for the same purpose—large beads strung together, crossed and recrossed, as a substitute for expensive stained glass. It is an excellent idea. All head transoms are expensive, and by introducing bits of bamboo, which you can buy in length, like fish-poles, and cut up and string on with the beads, you can cheapen a trim window much. The bamboo lends itself to this sort of work very nicely, because you can color it all either white or gold, or some other hue, and thus contribute not only to the expensive appearance, but to lending a distinctive character to the work.

Husband Your Adjective.

"Is the salad nice, dear?" "Lovely! Perfectly superb! And yours?" "Heavenly!" These were the words that met my ear in a restaurant today, says a Chicago Herald reporter, and as I looked at the two enthusiasts I could not but think their speech would be, for instance, were they looking on Lake Como in a silver moonlight, or upon the shimmer of a sunrise-tinted sea, or upon a flock of ruby clouds driven by a late wind across a daffodil sky, or a young lady with a storm flag unfurled from her brows, battling and purple in the shadow of descending night. If a salad is "lovely," if a compound of hard-boiled eggs and milk with a dash of pepper and a touch of celery, is "grand," what is left for nature, or what can be said in behalf of heroism, courage, faithfulness and love? Verily the wasted adjective and the superabundant simile make the heart tired.

Delicate Evening Dresses.

White and white and palest primrose are the most fashionably combined in rich or delicate dinner and evening dresses, says the New York Post. White silk dresses, blouses and white crepe silk supper jackets are wrought with yellow and pink and blue. A lady writing from London to a friend, says that at a recent fashionable gathering a young American matron appeared in a striking toilet of the richest coral yellow corded silk, as lustrous as satin, with yellow brocade and white and white roses. The high full sleeves and the bodice collar were of white satin richly embroidered with gold bands, overlaid with gold pascamenterie of the most elaborate description. The world was fair and sweet to Mary then, with that big rough John and her little pearl of innocence, living there midst the warm fragrant breezes of their forest home.

Furniture to Match the Face.

Only a few years ago there was such an unwarred understanding of the niceties of interior decoration that the people actually laughed at the idea of furnishing a room to harmonize in general color with the style of furniture of the occupant, says the Upholsterer. The trouble was the subject was in advance of the people. But nowadays we cannot affiliate the fair-fat-and-forty style of furniture with the style of the occupant, says the Upholsterer. The trouble was the subject was in advance of the people. But nowadays we cannot affiliate the fair-fat-and-forty style of furniture with the style of the occupant, says the Upholsterer.

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Let Your Hair Down.

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SECTION 213 OF THE PENAL CODE.

San Francisco Examiner: Under the laws of the state of California any person declared punishable for a crime by imprisonment in the state prison for a term not less than any specified number of years, when no limit to the duration of such imprisonment is declared, the court authorized to pronounce judgment upon such conviction may, in his discretion, sentence such offender to imprisonment during his natural life for any number of years not less than that prescribed.

Section 213 of the penal code of California reads as follows: Robbery is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison for not less than one year.

These are simple words, yet with all their simplicity they wrecked for all the lives of three persons—a father, mother and child.

John Langdon was a charcoal burner. In the year 1808 he had located a claim of 160 acres in the Sierra Nevada range of mountains near the central portion of the state. There was about twenty acres of flat, the balance being rugged mountain land. A clear sparkling stream, fresh from the snow above, ran through the place, which Langdon had diverted from its regular course for irrigation purposes. A neat little cottage, large enough for his wants, had been built there by the charcoal burner. Langdon was not satisfied with his home. He was a bachelor, and though of a rough nature, had a soft spot in his breast, and he longed to have some one share its beauties with him.

Some distance from Langdon's home lived a farmer named Ashton, whose family consisted of himself and an only daughter named Mary—a girl just growing into womanhood. Ashton had often noticed the Ashton girl when passing her father's house and at times he would halt at the farm and gossip with the old gentleman. In this way he often came to know Mary, and finally all was arranged for the marriage of the girl, and would often picture in his mind what a pleasant life would be his if he could have Mary as a companion for life. In this frame of mind, one day he was passing the house as he proposed marriage to Mary and was accepted. They were soon married, and went to live at the coalburner's home in the pines.

A year passed, and there was born to the couple a baby girl. John's wife was a timid little blue-eyed woman, with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks, and her baby was very like her.

Mary was supremely happy in her new home, and went merrily about her work, laughing at the old man's jokes, and though her existence was one of earnest, confiding love for the whole world; and if over a man loved and respected his wife that man was John Langdon.

It was a bright sun light of early morning when the child, out into the wild woods, and together they would watch the pine cones fall from the tall trees, and the industrious little bees working among the wild flowers which most elaborate description of the world was fair and sweet to Mary then, with that big rough John and her little pearl of innocence, living there midst the warm fragrant breezes of their forest home.

Langdon himself was a great brawny fellow. His shoulders were broad, and the head that was set upon them had nothing particular about its appearance except the jaw, which was a firm one, and the eyes, which were of a steel gray color, and were steady, firm, yet good-natured. His hair was brown, and he was inclined to be a happy one, and under ordinary circumstances one which would have been easily satisfied, but he was an ambitious man of mind, and he would build castles in the air, and to himself an entirely different kind of life from that of a poor charcoal burner.

He longed to see his wife and baby domiciled away from their mountain home, and to see the child and the society of her own sex and see and know something of the outer world.

Day after day he would ponder over this, trying to think out some plan by which he and his family could be benefited. His head was in a fever, and more he thought the more he became convinced something must be done, even if at great hazard to himself.

Among the many schemes thought out by Langdon was one to which he secretly gave the name of "The Plan," but it entered his mind in some unaccountable way and in spite of his anxiety to forget it would constantly recur to him until at last he began to give it serious thought, and before he fully realized it he became a criminal, in thought, at least.

One day, coming home earlier than usual, he told his wife he had business in the valley that would detain him a few days. Langdon, however, had a few necessary things for the trip, took down a double-barreled shotgun, kissed his wife and baby good-bye, and started off down the mountain trail.

John Langdon never returned to his wife and baby, and she has never heard of any living person.

It was on a dark, gusty morning in the autumn of the year 1873 that a stage-coach was driven swiftly up to the door of Wells, Fargo & Co. The driver of the coach was Bill Anderson, an old-time knight of the reins.

There were no passengers to go on the stage that night and as Anderson swung down in the driver's seat he drove up to the express office door he gave notice to a whoop which quickly brought out the express agent.

"Blustering night, Bill," remarked the agent; "you'll have a tough ride of it down the mountain."

"Well, there have been tougher ones that I have driven down in," answered the driver.

"Come," he continued, "hurry up with the mail, and express matter, as I want to be off as early as possible. You got your packages in the box all right?"

"Yes the box is O. K. Bill and you don't want to get 'stuck up' on the road, either, as there is a heavy load in the box tonight, the last clean-up from old Hawkins' mill."

"Never fear," said Bill. "I am light-loaded and will boom along down the grade, and be out on the valley before day-break." All set," asked the driver.

"All set," echoed the agent, and Bill, sending his lash into the sides of his leaders, was off like a flash.

About three miles down the highway the stage was stopped by a sharp turn and an up-grade, and here the road was quite narrow.

Against a large boulder which stood in the brush near the side of the grade stood a strangely muffled figure. It was that of a stout, built man, who stood perfectly still, with his eyes fixed in the direction from where the stage from which he was then due, was expected to come in sight around the bend of the road.

This lonely figure was clad in a long duster, over its head was what seemed to be a flour sack with holes cut in it for the eyes and mouth. In his hands he held a long, thin, pointed stick, and across the road, near where this man was hiding, an old log had been rolled to impede the way; there was also stretched across a rope, which was fastened to a tree on either side, and at each end of the rope a horse's breast.

In a very short time the rattle of the coach was heard and in a moment after

And This in Cultured Boston.

A woman entered a drug store not far from Beacon street, the other evening, says the Boston Advertiser, and said that she had just purchased a tooth-brush. The proprietor laid out a number of these articles upon the counter for her inspection and turned away to attend the wants of another customer. In a short time the female approached him and said in the sweetest of tones: "I have tried them all and think that I like this one the best, so will take it." The astonished proprietor took one look at her, gave one short moment to silent reflection and meditation, then said: "Madame, you may have them all for the price of this one; I will make you a present of them." The woman no doubt is yet wondering at the cause of his unexpected generosity.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg.

A Light in Every Beth.

To the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway belongs the credit of being the first in the country to reduce the matter of electric lighting of trains to scientific perfection. One of the novel features introduced in the sleeping cars is a patent electric reading lamp in each section. With this luxurious provision reading at night before and after retiring becomes as comfortable as by day, and when retiring the toilet may be made in comfort and seclusion. The berth reading lamp in the Pullman sleeping cars run on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, between Omaha and Chicago, is patented, and cannot be used by any other railroad company. It is the greatest improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

Sleeping cars leave the Union Pacific depot, Omaha, at 6:10 p. m. daily, arriving at Chicago at 9:30 a. m. Secure tickets and sleeping car berths at Union Ticket office, 1501 Farnam street (Barker Block), Omaha.

J. E. PRESTON, Pass Agent. E. A. NASH, Gen'l Agent.

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Physicians, Surgeons and Specialists. 1409 DOUGLASS STREET, OMAHA, NEB.

the lamps on the sides of the stage blazed forth their reflected light now in full view, then again lost to sight in the turns of the road. As the coach came bowling along the muffled figure grasped the short gun tightly in his hands, sprang lightly over the brush directly into the road and waited the approach of the stagecoach.

Anderson, unconscious of impending danger, drove swiftly along down the hill. As he came near to the top grade he drew his horses down to a walk and slowly ascended the hill. When the team reached the summit Bill got his whip ready to start them at a lively pace down the grade. Just then the leaders shied suddenly to the outer edge of the road, and at the same moment the muffled figure standing in the middle of the road directly in front of the horses reared his gun at Anderson's head, and in a calm, steady voice, said:

"I want the express box, pard! Be quick about it, too. Throw it out and drive on."

"I'll throw you the box," answered the driver, "it's secured to the bottom of the coach."

"Well, get down, pard, and unhitch your team. I'll get the box without your help."

Under cover of the gun Anderson obeyed the orders and in a few moments the team was unhitched and driven to the foot of the hill, there to await developments. By the time Bill had gone a safe distance and quieted his horses, the robber had taken the express box and heard the sound of some heavy instrument being struck against the iron express box. This was repeated several times. Then came a sound as of breaking or wrenching of wood and iron, and finally all was dark and still.

Anderson waited fully half an hour before he ventured back to the coach. When he did he found the express box torn open, the treasure gone and the muffled figure in sight.

The driver hitched his team to the stage, mounted the box and drove as fast as his horses could run to the next station and reported the robbery.